

RESTORATION



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No. 7.

St. Joseph Finds and Fixes Marian Centre

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Marian Centre, 10613—95th St., Edmonton, Alberta. As you can see, we have found Our Lady's House in Edmonton. It is an old three storey building, one lot away from the railroad tracks and next door to a garage. There is a small yard in the back, and the house is in about ten feet from the sidewalk. In the basement we will have our clothing room. The main floor consists of an ell-shaped dining room and a kitchen. On the second floor we will have our Chapel, and a small office and bedroom. The third storey is entirely made up of one attic room where the girls will sleep. We also expect to have our sewing department and maybe a desk for office work in the same room.

Credit St. Joseph!

Much has happened to Marian Centre since we got it. Credit for finding the place must go to St. Joseph. It was located the day after a novena to him was finished, and the first papers were signed on his feast day. On the same day we received more than sufficient cots, bedding, tables and benches to furnish it. As an extra bonus that day we also received a washing machine. I immediately placed the carpentry, plumbing, and all such household repairs, into his very capable hands.

With the kind and very generous help of the people of Edmonton we were able to have the sagging center of the house lifted about six inches. It no longer shakes loosely when cars go by, but stands steady and firm. Someone donated a large kitchen sink, as the one we had was inadequate; but when the plumber came he found that the whole plumbing system was very bad. So pipes are being changed all over the place. Two walls had to be torn down, one to make a large-enough dining room, and one for the chapel. For days the house was filled with plaster, dust, and the sound of hammering.

Thanks To St. Joseph

At this stage I thought I should have the gas man in to check the gas fixtures. He arrived, took one look at the furnace and with a sigh of glee said, "Ahhhhh!!! I've always wanted to turn one of these things off." With great gusto, he took a large wrench and turned off the gas supply leading to the furnace.

Now, a sink that doesn't work too well and a wall that still isn't plastered, are things one can easily put up with; but a condemned furnace is another thing altogether. I had a talk with St. Joseph right there, explaining that this was really his job and that a furnace at the moment was a little beyond me. As the gas man was writing up his report, a car drove up and our chaplain, Father Briere, came in with two seminarians.

I suppose by now you've guessed it. One of the seminarians had been in the furnace business for five

years and knew someone who would probably do the repair work and supply the material for it. He and a couple of other boys, offered to come down next week and help with the work on it. Sounds wonderful doesn't it? But now let me tell you how sadly I have underrated St. Joseph, pleased and grateful though I was.

Love To St. Joseph

Yesterday the furnace man came. His first words after a quick examination were, "We can certainly fix this furnace; it's not that bad. But it will never heat this house! It's much too small. It will only heat your ground floor." A pause. Then his face broke into a smile. "St. Joseph is certainly being good to you. My boys are just now dismantling a large furnace which you can have. It will be just right for this place. I must hurry over and tell them to be careful how they take it down!" Dear St. Joe!

Last Thursday three seminarians arrived and started unloading unassembled parts of an altar they had built. By five-thirty the altar was in place and is now ready for a coat of shellac and a varnish. It is plain and beautiful. Above it is a simple plywood canopy. The room it stands in still needs patching, plastering, and painting; but every now and then I find myself going in there and just silently looking — thinking how tremendous it will be when our Most Adorable God is with us! I keep thinking how pleased He must be with their work of love.

Love And A Dance

Speaking of works of love, I witnessed one the other night. The scene was a high school auditorium. A dance was in progress. But there was something different about this dance. True, the orchestra was playing the usual modern music, young couples were having a good time, but there was an atmosphere that made one wonder.

There was something clean and pure about that group of two hundred and some young dancers. It did not take long to discover the

cause, for, upon entering fully into the hall, the first thing one saw was the shrine of Our Lady, on the stage beside the orchestra!

Half way through the dance, a truly thrilling thing happened. The music stopped. The hall became quiet. Vigil lights lit up the front of Our Lady's statue. A piano played a hymn to Mary, and two hundred voices rose in unison, sending their love to her. A few hail Mary's and a short prayer to her — then time for refreshments and back to their holy enjoyment. One could almost feel our Blessed Mother smiling down upon her children!

The dance was a joint effort put on by the Y.C.W. and C.Y.O. for the benefit of Marian Centre. I would like to thank them here, not only for the money we received as a result of their work, but mostly for the glory they gave to God in their manner of conducting it.

Please pray for us, as there is much work to be done before we shall be able to start serving Christ in His poor.



Breakfast Dishes

(The Chapel is upstairs—the kitchen below)

We are a noisy crowd. Dishes are rattling. Someone laughs, loudly. A small bell tinkles. Silence—
A special, happy silence!
A dish rattles
As the work goes on,
But silence remains.
The bell rings again,
Three times.
God is upstairs!

—Joan Hoogterp

Yukonites Enjoy Trip To Skagway, Alaska

By Mamie Legris

Spring is certainly different in the Yukon. You are not wakened by the songs of birds. When you look out of doors you see no green grass or bursting buds. The music of the frogs, which to me has always been an important part of this season, is also missing. The days are long and bright. But I don't really want to talk about the weather. I want to tell you about a holiday trip we had to Skagway, Alaska, shortly after Easter.

A friend had given Father Triggs, our director, some money. As usual, with the permission of his superior, he gave it away — but this time he specified that it was to be invested in two tickets to Skagway for a holiday for Kay and me. Naturally we were delighted and needed little coaxing. So early one Tuesday morning we left on the White Pass train and travelled south out of the Yukon, into British Columbia and then to Alaska.

A Big Load

There were two small coaches on the train. Usually, in non-tourist season, there is only one. The extra one was not a parlor car for the two Staff Workers of Maryhouse Two basketball teams were returning to Skagway and that necessitated a second coach.

In addition to the two coaches, the engine was pulling seven hundred tons of silver and lead ore and asbestos. We were told that it was the biggest load taken over the railroad for years.

The trip was picturesque. In some places there was no snow; in others it was as high as the top of the train. There were mountains and more mountains. At eleven o'clock we stopped at Lake Bennett, British Columbia, for breakfast or whatever meal you want to call it. I understand the menu is the same the year round — and only the passengers and train crews eat there.

In the dining room were four large tables, each of which would accommodate twelve to sixteen people. As we had only a few minutes to eat, the waitress had everything on the table when we arrived.

A Hasty Snack

There were cans of fruit juice, bowls of porridge and cold cereal, bacon, eggs, fried potatoes, pancakes, jam, toast and coffee. You could eat all you wanted, but you had to hurry. The ticket for this meal is purchased with your train ticket.

Before leaving Lake Bennett a second diesel engine was hooked on because we were beginning to climb. Twenty miles from Skagway we began the 2,885 foot descent. In this section there were snow-slides.

That is why the train leaves so early in the morning at this season. They hope

to get by the danger spots before the day gets too warm and the slides begin. When this section of the railroad was built it cost one hundred thousand dollars per mile.

Time To Eat

At two in the afternoon, after a nine hour ride, we reached Skagway and were met at the station by Msgr. E. Gallant and his assistant, Father Cowgill. In a few minutes we were enjoying another big meal at the Pius X Mission School where we would be guests for the next three days.

Pius X Private Residential and Day School was founded by Msgr. Gallant in 1932. It was built and is still maintained by the donations of generous benefactors. A man who contributed a great deal toward it in thanksgiving for a favor received through the intercession of St. Pius X (that was long before his canonization) requested that the school be named after the pope.

The children of Skagway, several of whom are non-Catholics, and others from all over Alaska, are educated there. You will see Indian, Eskimo, and white children. There are nearly seventy boarders — some of whom had been there for ten to twelve years.

Fr. Cowgill and eight Sisters of St. Anne are Monsignor's co-workers. They teach all the elementary grades and four years of high school. The children are also taught crafts, home economics, and music. Father has a very interesting ceramics room which is even equipped with a kiln. The finished products are masterpieces. In the sewing room Sister showed us suits and blouses the girls were making for themselves.

A Cedar Chapel

There is a large chapel which serves as a parish church. It is finished in Washington cedar, has a beautiful altar, and an organ with chimes. It is really the last word in beauty and simplicity. In the sacristy is a reliquary containing more than two hundred relics — and drawer upon drawer of vestments and altar linens made by Monsignor in his spare moments. He says he hates going to bed, so much of this work is done late at night.

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

Perhaps the feast of the Sacred Heart should be called the feast of Loneliness. For what is more lonely than the heart of a lover waiting in vain for his beloved?

Perhaps only the Heart of God waiting for the soul of man, Whom He has created to be His very own!

Poignant are the thoughts of His loneliness, in the month of loveliness that is June, when all mute creation seems to spend itself in beauty, of flowers and scents, of blue skies trimmed with the fairy-like white of drifting clouds, of shimmering dancing waters, that rush or flow toward their never attained goals with a music that is the echo of His voice.

Alone man stands aloof from this tribute of love. He makes unto himself a thousand gods, that finally are merged into one — himself. On this shadowy unreal image of reality he lavishes his love, which, unsatisfied, withers and dies, leaving him empty and as one dead.

The Eternal Lover waits, in empty churches, chapels, and shrines, on busy streets, in cold homes, in the enchanting roads of a thousand countrysides, and in endless paths that always lead to man, whom His Sacred Heart loves passionately.

In loneliness Love waits to be loved back.

And a loveless world hurries to its ruin, for man without God is a motorless, rudderless boat, helpless to avert destruction.

Why are we so blind? Why can't we see that order, peace, happiness, joy un-expressible, and a life like a song even though it be filled with that pain and sorrow natural to fallen man — will follow our LOVING GOD BACK.

Our hearts can not rest until they rest in His. For this alone have we been created! For this alone have we been born . . . to LOVE GOD BACK!

Let us turn our hearts and souls to the Sacred Heart this month.

And let us ask Mary, who gave Christ His loving human heart, to lead us into the very center of its flaming charity, so that we may catch fire from its immense fire of love, and go forth and cast that fire upon the earth, banishing the loveless darkness in which we now dwell.

Yes let us love Christ back, and banish His loneliness. He bids us to.

Let us answer His call . . . and know perfect rest and joy in Him and with Him.



FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

"Speaking of odd things," said Father X, "did you ever hear of the graveyard in Ireland that jumped from one side of the river to the other?"

"Jumped?" I repeated. "Jumped or flew," the priest said. "I'm pretty sure it didn't swim. I don't really know all the details of the story. But my father, a Kerry man, believed every word of it. He told me the story when I was a boy."

A Galloping Graveyard!

"But the cemetery," Father Z chimed in, "is in County Cork. Not Kerry. I saw it. I was there. I talked to the natives about it. And every one of them believed the story. Let's see . . . what is the name of the place? . . . you drive out of Cork city and pass Blarney castle . . . and then . . . well, it's not far from Blarney anyway."

"And it jumped or flew across the river," I said.

"I'm pretty sure it didn't walk or wade," Father X said. "The river's little more than a creek. There never was a bridge there. They had no airplanes in those days; no flying windmills either; and it isn't possible they went by horse and carriage. I imagine horses would balk at carrying so many dead people. And then suppose some of the passengers should fall out and get wet! Many had been there hundreds of years, you know, and must have become pretty dry. A wetting would have ruined them. Nobody knows how the cemetery got across. And yet—"

Holy Head Stones!

"But it did get across?" I couldn't help interrupting.

"Grave by grave, headstone by headstone, or all at once, as a unit — I don't know," Father X confessed with evident honesty. "But the point is it did transfer itself entirely—as was, let's say — from one side of the stream to the other. And it did it during the night. During just one night!"

"You don't suspect the fairies did it?" I asked.

"I don't suspect anything," said Fr. X.

"I was just saying it was an odd thing," said Fr. Z. "I haven't any explanation — supposing the story IS true. And I don't say it is NOT true."

"It seems," Fr. X went on, after a moment or two, "that it was in the days of Cromwell and the roundheads — or some other time when priests were hunted down in Ireland and gleefully gibbeted or torn apart."

Saints Alive!

"There was a priest saying Mass in the rear of this particular graveyard at . . . I wish I could think of the name of the place, but it doesn't matter. Some of your Irish readers will know all about it, and I'll bet they'll write you all the details I can't remember."

"The soldiers must have had some information about the Mass, for they came before the priest could leave the altar. And the captain ordered both his hands cut off."

I couldn't help shuddering. I know a woman who holds that the hands of a priest have great power, power the priests themselves know little about, power transmitted through all the centuries by Hands that were nailed to a cross.

"As the troopers left," Fr. X continued, "they came this way around the cemetery." He made a sort of semi-circle with one hand. "As they were passing by, along the left bank of the river, the captain's horse shied and threw him. He hit his head on a stone and died. The lieutenant made sure the captain was dead. Then, not knowing what else to do with him — and seeing the graveyard was right at his elbow — he had some of the soldiers dig a grave."

Devil Take It!

"The body was pitched in, without a prayer of any kind, and hastily covered up. And then the troops went on, perhaps to hunt down and hack another Catholic priest."

"And that night—" I tried to butt in.

"And that night," Fr. X said, squelching me with a louder and more determined voice than mine, "every good Catholic in the graveyard, and that means every man, woman, and child, moved from the left to the right side of the river. How they did it no man knows. And yet—"

"And they left the trooper where he was buried?" I succeeded in asking.

"Exactly! His grave was on one side of the stream. And all the other graves were opposite."

"The supreme snub in all the history of man," I remarked. "Imagine how that priest-killer must have felt when not even one of his fellow dead could abide his company, when every one of them got up and walked away — even those dead for centuries."

"It's like that poem about the drunk who fell into the gutter and woke a sleeping pig. 'The pig got up and slowly walked away.' It's like that, only a hundred thousand times more insulting."

A Broth of A B'y

"What a fine fierce vinctive sweet lovable imagination the old Irishman had who concocted that story! I imagine him telling it quite seriously to some big-eyed little boy — who told it to everybody he met during the rest of his long life. And so the legend grew."

"Maybe," Fr. X said. "But everybody who knows the story swears it's true. It has merely been handed down, as gospel, from father to son and mother to daughter for many generations."

"And I didn't say it happened in Cork," Fr. Z said. "I don't know where it happened. I thought it was in Kerry. I may have been mistaken. Maybe it happened in several of her graveyards. With a thing like this, if it's possible at all, everything about it is possible."

"And yet," Fr. X said again, "and yet—as I started to say awhile ago, there was one thing changed about the graveyard, after it jumped, or flew, or waded across the stream."

Angels Preserve Us.

"All the graves were in the old order, and all the grave stones. Only, on one of the stepping stones in the river there was something that looked like the marks of bare feet. It was as though a man or an angel, if you wish, had been standing there, pressing the stone with the heel of one foot, and the ball of the other foot. It was as if he had sunk himself firmly into the rock

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The B's Corner

Have you seen the new newspaper, UNITY, which the Associates of St. Benedict Labre House, 143 Duke St., Montreal, have just issued? If you have not, write for your copy. For it is one of those little papers with a big idea. It is worth having and keeping and binding.

Its title, UNITY, is designed to express the one-ness with Christ which is the ideal of all members of the Mystical Body; one-ness among peoples of various races and nationalities; one-ness in the worship of Christ; and one-ness among lay groups in the apostolate. It is published in the interest of lay participation in the Apostolate of the Church. It is dedicated especially to recording works of the laity in Canada.

Strength In Unity

Like the House from which it is published, UNITY must depend for its existence on the generosity of those who wish to share its works. Accordingly there is no set subscription price.

Truly we of the Madonna House Apostolate and Restoration wish our brothers in the apostolate success in the Lord; and our prayers will be with them and their undertaking. It will be so wondrous to know what others are doing, and we believe that the title UNITY will, through them, become a living reality.

Meantime, we are all praying that Dorothy Phillips gets the Marian Centre, 10613 95th St., Edmonton, Alta., in perfect order by May 31st, so that this new branch of Madonna House Apostolate be blessed and open its doors on the new feast of the Queenship of Mary.

Teresa Fazakerley and James Murphy left Madonna House on the 10th of May to join her.

The survey Dot made — rather hastily — indicates that she probably will serve about seventy-five hungry men a day, for the start. The Marian Centre is dedicated to transient men — Brothers Christopher to us. That oil-boom city attracts men from all over the U.S.A. and Canada. They come in search of work, which is not always to be found.

There is still time to register for any of the four weeks of our SUMMER SCHOOL OF CATHOLIC ACTION, which begins July 4th. THE FIRST WEEK — Spiritual Foundations of Catholic Action. THE SECOND — The Mass lived. THE THIRD — The Royal Gate to God, Mary. THE FOURTH — The Social Apostolate. Take your choice and register for one, two or more weeks. Twenty dollars a week, for room, board, and tuition. Write for our full prospectus.

The seventeenth of May was Madonna House's Foundation Day. Eight years ago that day Eddie, Flewy, and I came to begin this Apostolate. Flewy, our pioneer, who started with me in 1930 in Toronto, whose full name was Miss Grace Flewwelling, reposes in the little cemetery down the road; and, we feel sure, blesses us, and works even more in heaven for us than she did on earth. Since that day Madonna House has mothered two new branches. Wonder how many "children" she will mother in the forthcoming years?

COMBERMERE

By K. K.

Spring sprung, and the group sprung also — into "bees" of many kinds.

It was a severe winter, with three to five feet of snow in the bush. There was no thaw at all in January, February, or March. Palm Sunday saw the first warm day. Then our prayers were directed to our Lady, to spare us a flood. The river kept rising and rising (but except for a few piddling puddles in the basement, we were spared).

Work, outdoors and indoors, was tackled on a basis of "bees." Eighty-five packages of library books got wrapped, addressed, and mailed in an afternoon. The grounds were raked in an evening. The fire wood got stacked. The gardens were planted — including sixteen new trees of an orchard at St. Ann's. Manure was hauled. And then came weeding, and more weeding.

Busy Bees Keep Busy

A month's sewing was done in one day by mobilizing all the girls. Spring cleaning mobilized all the brooms and dust mops, while storm windows got stored and screens replaced.

Two hundred baby chicks took up their temporary abode in the PX store. And the pig motel was white-washed to greet its six new occupants.

And of course, there were the usual comings and goings of guests, and volunteers and Staff. Ten of the Staff have already had their vacations since Easter. That made a big dent in the work, and necessitated the "bees." The additional absence of the three experienced Staff Workers who went to Edmonton put another gap in the ranks of "manpower and womanpower." One volun-

teer left to join the convent. But our Lady seems to fill the spots.

The Summer School

The Summer School reservations are still coming in, and we look forward to welcoming another large group of lay people who wish to learn more about the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action and the deepening of their own interior lives. Family Week still proves the most popular week. The reservations to it were completed by February, and we had to refuse a number of families.

However, this Family Apostolate is so important that we have contracted for two cabins to be built on Bennet Lake, at St. Ann's Farm. The tendency now in the family movement is away from separate camps for boys and girls, and to have the entire family take its vacation as a unit.

One of the priests writing about this, has paraphrased Father Peyton's slogan, "the family that prays together stays together," to "the family that plays together stays together."

Pat And Mike

The proposed cabins will be twelve by twenty feet, and will cost about five hundred dollars apiece. It was decided on May 8th, the Feast of St. Michael, and the anniversary of the departure of our Yukon group, that, in thanksgiving we would name the first cabin, "St. Michael." The second cabin will be named "Saint Patrick." And of course, inevitably, someone said, "Pat and Mike."

These cabins will form the nucleus of what we are going to call the "Cana Colony," to provide Christian vacations for Catholic families, with a daily program of talks, supervised recreation for the children, evening campfire, and the Rosary.

If there are any Cana groups, or CFM cells, that would care to sponsor and name a cabin, we would be very glad to hear from them.

YUKONITES ENJOY TRIP

(Continued from Page One)

There are separate dining rooms for the children, the Sisters, and the priests. Outside there are three barracks — one for the girls — one for the boys — each containing a recreation room and dormitory. The third is a store room. Father has a poultry farm where he raises geese, ducks, and chickens.

Monsignor has a small home for himself. Here he has a wonderful collection of every kind of religious article, including lovely Russian icons. He showed us the sewing room where he makes vestments and the desk where he makes rosaries. Many of the latter are made of Yuonk ivory and are masterpieces. Every place in the house there is evidence of Father's excellent taste and love of beauty.

A Happy Family

The Pius X Mission is unique. The spirit of the place impressed us very much. You had the feeling of belonging to a big happy family. There was such charity and good-will among the clergy, the sisters, and the pupils. In the evening the whole "family" gathers in the chapel for night prayers. Twice a week Father treats the children to a movie; and some of the sisters accompany them.

While in Skagway we met a priest from Italy, Father Onori of the Benedictine Val-embronian Order. Father Onori was the Vice-postu-

lator in the canonization process of St. Pius X, and is the first member of his order to visit America. He had with him a chalice which was used by St. Pius X when he was a country priest, the gift of the saint's niece.

Skagway is a village of about seven hundred people. It is located "1000 miles north of Worry" on the Lynn Canal, an arm of the Pacific Ocean. It is surrounded by mountains. The name Skagway is derived from the Indian "Skagua" which means home of the North Wind. It was famous during the Gold Rush of 1898 and is still a thriving center and harbor. Many of its people are employed by the White Pass Railway. There were quite a few cars in the village despite the fact that there are only twenty miles of road to travel on.

We left Skagway early on Friday morning. Msgr. Gallant offered Mass at four o'clock, so we could participate. One of the Sisters insisted on getting up early to prepare a good breakfast for us and at five-fifteen we were homeward bound over the trail followed by the gold seekers of '98 — rested, loaded down with gifts from Monsignor, happy for having had a chance to visit Pius X Mission of which we had heard so much — grateful to the priests and sisters who had been so kind to us, and more determined than ever to do each day's tasks with more faith and charity.



OUR NEEDS

Beggars that we are, we cannot stop begging. Yet the things we beg are not for us . . . but for God and His poor . . . His poor poor, and His rich poor. These items are needed to carry on an apostolate of CORPORAL AND SPIRITUAL WORKS OF MERCY. It takes as much to "instruct the ignorant," as to "feed the hungry." Often people have a surplus of necessity. To love is to share. Will you, in your charity, send us, share with us, of your surplus? . . . or give us what we need, and maybe you don't?

CUPS, SAUCERS, (any kind, unmatched, we can use them).
PARING KNIVES.
GARDEN TOOLS.
OLD SAUCEPANS AND KITCHEN UTENSILS (we have so many burnt-out folks who need them).
OLD TOASTERS (that still work).
OLD WOOD STOVES AND LAMPS.
DISHES OF ALL KINDS.
WRITING PAPER.
KNITTING WOOL (remnants will do nicely).
CHAIRS (we repair broken ones).
TABLES.
BED SPRINGS (single. We make beds by putting blocks under them).
MATTRESSES.
ANY TYPE OF BEDDING (We are expert at mending. Cots take small sheets. We can make two out of an old one).
SECOND HAND CLOTHING (from birth to old age, for both sexes and all seasons).
PIECES OF MATERIAL (we make quilts of them).
OLD WOOLLEN SOCKS (they make good blankets).
BUTTONS, any kind.
SEWING MATERIAL (send us the thread spools you have no use for anymore).
IF YOU LIVE ON A FARM AND HAVE AN OLD-FASHIONED COOLER YOU DO NOT NEED ANY MORE WE WOULD LOVE TO GET IT, AS WELL AS A SMOKER FOR MEAT, IF ONE IS RUSTING IN YOUR BARN.
BABY LAYETTES.
WARM WIDE SCARFS FOR OLD FOLKS (Why not knit one?)
CHILDREN'S BOOKS (What about those in the cellar or attic?)
RAGS OF ALL KINDS.
YOUR OLD SILK STOCKINGS (We make rugs with these.)

We truly are Our Lady's junk-shop. We can use, repair, make-over, and do with almost anything. So, send us what you do not need anymore. THANK YOU.

Tell Me, What Do You Do At Madonna House?

By Catherine Doherty

Before me lies a stack of letters. I have answered them. But I cannot let them go yet into the files where they belong. For they are worth re-reading and thinking about. They are from friends I have never seen, faithful loyal friends nevertheless. And all have the same theme, though they come from different and far away places. All ask the same question . . . TELL US WHAT DO YOU DO AT MADONNA HOUSE. Tell us more about the people who have made the work of Madonna House Apostolate their life's vocation. We are truly interested.

I know they are, for they subscribe to Restoration, and receive our Outer Circle letter. Often they belong to our Catholic Lending Library. Why then do I find it so hard to accede to their repeated requests to write about Madonna House, its Apostolate, and its Staff Workers?

A Life's Vocation

I think because both deal with intangibles, which are so very hard to write about. Take for instance this sentence in one of those letters: "Tell us more about the people who have made the WORKS of Madonna House Apostolate their life's vocation." It is a good sentence, yet it is all wrong. For those who have manned Madonna House have not come, first and foremost to DO ITS WORKS . . . but to LEAD ITS WAY OF LIFE, which includes the WORKS.

But the WAY comes first, and the WORKS come second. Yet it is the "works" that everyone wants to know about. Perhaps I could explain the intangible by beginning with the tangible.

Shall I begin with our day? That begins at 7.15 when the whole group gathers in the Chapel for meditation, followed at 7.30 by Mass and the recitation of Prime, that beautiful morning prayer of the Church which priests and religious recite daily. We say it in English but sing its hymns in Latin.

Right after Prime comes breakfast. Tea, because it is so much cheaper than coffee, and goes further. Porridge, or cold cereal. Home-made bread, which is baked several times a week in winter and daily in summer. It is baked in our wood burning stove, which also provides part of the heat for the house. It is cheaper to bake our own bread, which costs us around 7 cents a loaf, than to buy it. A loaf here costs around twenty cents. Oh yes, we vary the breakfast menu with eggs, if and when our hens lay enough of them.

Between Meals — Work!

From 8.45 to noon is work time. At noon, dinner. A simple meal. (Someday we will write a special cook book for Lay Apostles who embrace Holy Poverty. A meal of "Gook." The name is given by our staff to all the choice dishes we are going to write about in that book. GOOK means MIXTURES. They go further and cost less.

After dinner, there is spiritual reading in the

Chapel. Then dishes, and back to work until four o'clock, when there is a break for tea, and another slice of that home-made bread with local honey, or jam made from wild berries we gathered in the woods last summer. Then work again. Supper at 6 p.m., followed by the official night prayer of the Church, Compline, and the recitation of the Rosary. Evenings? Well if there is no study to do, no lectures to attend, no extra works to finish, no special nights, (like children's night or Red Cross night, or Woman's Institute night), then, once in a while, the evening is free. Bed time is 10.15. Lights out at 11, if no emergency arises and all is peaceful. That completes the average day and its schedule in Madonna House.

It's So Peaceful!

Seems simple? What could be simpler? A rural setting. An orderly schedule. Simple to describe. Yes. But the trouble is that a rural setting where life is supposed to follow, leisurely, the course of nature, where seldom anything happens, is — so far as we are concerned — a fairy tale or a post card picture.

As to orderly schedules, they are there, nicely written on paper. But in real life, they are upset at the drop of a hat. Again comes in that intangible that is so hard to write about. But about this later. Let me try to go on and describe some more.

I said that each day brings periods of work. What type of work? Right after breakfast there are the "chores" to do — that daily work that everyone does everywhere. The houses to sweep, dust, and put in order again, now that a new day has begun. I said "houses" and I meant just that. There is Madonna House proper, a large el-shaped building where Eddie and I, a priest, and the men in the apostolate, live. This also contains the kitchen, the Common room which serves as a dining room, library, recreation center, and "what have you?" and our most precious room — the Chapel where Our Lord deigns to dwell with us. It also has endless basements, which serve as living quarters, work shops, the laundry, preserve storage rooms, etc.

We're Glad They Come

Then there is St. Catherine of Sienna's House, affectionately known as St. Kate's, reserved for convalescing or vacationing priests. This is one of our many "works."

St. Peter's is a large one room cottage. It houses our Visiting Volunteers, who come to find out for themselves what it is all about.

They come for various other reasons — to study the ways and works of the apostolate; to find out about God and the things of God; to become acquainted with certain phases of "the work," as nurses and social workers often are wont to do; to see if they may have a vocation to our way of life.

St. Martha's houses the female Staff Workers in a large upstairs dormitory. The whole first floor is given over to our offices. The basement contains our Clothing Center.

All these have to be cleaned and swept daily . . . but since there are many of us, (20-30 living all year round, and in the Summer many more), this work is soon (Continued on Page Four)

TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU

(Continued from Page Three)

Then the real jobs begin! Each member of the Staff goes to his or her allotted place and work. The librarian, who deals with our Catholic Lending Library by mail, is soon lost behind a mound of books that came yesterday from the post office. Her job is to unpack the incoming books, check them off, and put them back on the shelves where they belong. We have many subdivisions — Fiction, Biography, Sociology, Spiritual Reading, Theology, Philosophy, Apologetics, Poetry, History, Liturgy, Mariology, Christology, Foreign and Miscellaneous — all in all about 6000 books as well as some 3000 children's books, classified as Young Moderns.

Books, Books, Books

Then she goes through the orders, letters, etc., of the day, and takes down other books to be packed and mailed through the ten provinces of Canada. But that is only a small part of her work. There is also our own reference library to keep, new books to access, endless letters to write, catalogues to keep up to date and to mail. There is so much to do that, every so often, she has to call a "bee," which means that everyone available will drop what she is doing and come to her rescue, lest she get lost among her books!

The office staff, in the meantime, are all at their places. The bookkeeper tries — vainly most of the time — to reconcile the absence of cash with the bills to be paid, and prays to her favorite saint for just one month when she will not have to use red ink. The girl on Restoration is happily busy entering new subscriptions, slowing down when she has to send yet another letter reminding some friend of ours that his subscription is overdue. Joking aside, there is enough work on keeping the circulation files of Restoration going for two people. We can spare but one. So she is busy.

Files, Files, Files

Another young lady works on the files. We call these the Master files. They have to be kept up to date, always, for they are our contact with the outside world.

Down in the basement, the person in charge of the Clothing Center, spends mornings unpacking cartons full of gifts from our many friends, donations of clothing, and other vitally needed things. These will all be hung up and well displayed so that those who come can easily find what they need. Shoes in orderly ranks. Underclothing neatly stacked on shelves. Hats on racks. Clothing on other racks.

In the afternoon, from all over the countryside, men, women, and children will come on foot, in a neigh-

bor's car, or maybe several families together in a truck, to get this precious clothing. Families are large hereabouts, and pay is small. Clothing in this cold climate is of vital need. We have, in eight years, given out some 20 tons of it. And the need for it is always urgent.

The men will also be busy at endless chores — bringing wood to keep the fires going, looking after the stock, the pigs, hens, and such, maintaining the houses which need constant care, driving through the countryside, taking patients to hospitals or bringing nurses to the patients, repairing machinery and cars. The work is really endless. They also participate in the recreation program and in all other activities which form part of the Madonna House community work.

Food, Food, Food

The cook will be busy all day long in the kitchen. For there are many mouths to feed. Laundry and sewing will be done either by rotating pairs, or by bees, with many participating. One Staff Worker is in charge of the outdoor work. That begins early in April and ends late in October. We have a farm, which we are slowly developing. Here we need more hands to do a real job. Someday our Lady will bring men interested in this type of work.

The growing of stock, poultry, and vegetables, fruit, and berry gardens is a must for a Rural Apostolate. It reduces the cost of living and permits money begged from our good friends to go where it is more needed.

Nurses do many of these works between nursing. They may be cooking today, and looking after the clothing room tomorrow. We rotate all jobs so that all may learn — each about three to six months on one job.

But then, suddenly in the middle of the night perhaps, a call comes and the nurses are gone, for a day, a night, or maybe a week or so. There is also the dispensary to take care of. That keeps us busy.

Words, Words, Words

Eddie writes books and edits Restoration. And I — well, I have a desk in the dispensary which is also my "office." To it yearly come some 15,000 first class letters. Much of my time is spent at this vast apostolate of letters. But in addition to this, managing and organizing every detail of the work and life at Madonna House keeps me busy. I also lend a hand at many bees. I keep a sharp eye on our branches in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory and Edmonton, Alberta. Then there is the odd book I somehow manage to write now and then. And there is the Summer School to make ready for . . . and teach, and the training of the staff, and their courses, some of which I give.

Oh yes! I almost forgot. The social work part of it! (Though our neighborly way of helping others scarcely qualifies this august title.) There is one of us who sees to it that neighbors in need are visited; that housekeepers are provided along with nurses when needed, and that a thousand and one emergencies are met. (Like nursing and many of our other works, this too would fill a book.)

Does this little sketchy article answer the questions of the letters that are before me? I wonder. I have tried to show the rhythm of our days. But there is still the rhythm of the seasons which changes that of our days. I think I will tell you about it in the next issue — July.

In the meantime if our readers would write again and tell us in more detail what they really want to know about us, I truly will try to oblige . . . even if the intangibles, which cannot be described, do get in the way.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

preparatory to a take-off into the sky. And there ARE people who think the marks were made by an angel — an angel who didn't want the children of God contaminated by the likes of the man buried like a dog without a prayer, and him just after cutting off the hands of a priest.

I know a girl who put her little feet into marks similar to those described by Fr. X. They were on a stone in Jerusalem, and they were believed by many pious pilgrims to be the marks left by Christ as He prepared to ascend to His Father. (She is the same girl, grown up, who talks of the power of the hands of a priest.)

No Leaping Limbo?

I wonder how I'd feel, being dead and in my nice cool consecrated grave, if somebody like the roundhead trooper were dumped into a hole nearby. I think my feelings — if any — would be those of pity rather than contempt or hatred.

I don't know any unhappier men than those who fight God and His Church — whatever the motive that makes them fight. And I don't know any happier people than those who love God and serve Him.

I've been mulling over this story quite a bit — not caring whether it is a lie or not. True or false, it hits like a sledge hammer. And what I've been thinking is this — which may or may not be an improvement on St. Augustine's "Love God and do as you wish" — what I've been thinking is, "Love God and be happy," or "Love God and live!"

Then, even is a horse shies and throws you, and you crack your skull and are stuck in a hole, and everybody moves away from you because you are what you are and who you are, you will still be happy ever after.

Which reminds me. How do you suppose that poor roundhead was treated by the people he finally did meet?

End of Modern Man

(Pentecostal Thoughts, 1955)

By Rev. Eugene Cullinane

There is a void,
A chasm deep,
Within the soul
Of him
The very mention
Of whose name
Brings shame
And bitter anguish
To his brothers.

The soul I speak of
Is the soul
Of Modern Man.
The gnawing cancer
Of a mad desire
For earthly treasure
Beyond measure,
Fed by a thousand lusts
For crumbling crusts
Of pride
And pleasure
That are poison
To man's soul —
This cancer grows
And grows,
Feeding
Like a hungry flame
Upon the dry and brittle
Heart of him
Whose name
Is Modern Man.

Sickly unto death,
Depraved,
Dehumanized,
He revels in atomic dreams
And schemes
To turn the universe
Into a void
That somehow wears
Upon its faceless face
The look of hell.

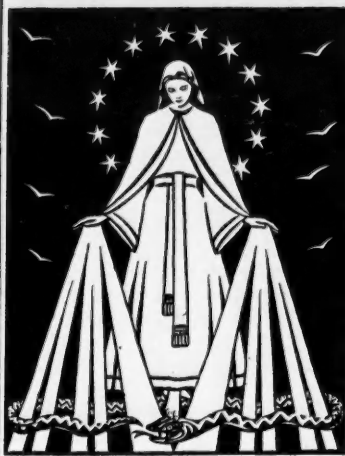
The multitudes are waking
And forsaking
Modern Man.

The multitudes now realize,
Dismayed,
That they have been betrayed
By Modern Man.

The multitudes are pondering
And wondering —
Confused,
Forsaken,
Lost —
As sheep without a shepherd.

The multitudes are yearning
And burning
With desire —
Not for earthly treasure
Or passing pleasure —
But for Him
Who made the heart of man
And fashioned it in such
a way

That only He
Can fill it.
Holy Spirit,
Crimson Dove,
God of Love!
Come!
Fan with Your mighty
wind
The spark of love
Still burning on the earth;
Make of it
An all-consuming flame
Like the Sacred Heart of Him
Who came
To cast fire
On the earth.



Our Lady of Combermere

Pray for us!

A Lay Litany

By Francois DeCastro

Domina domus nostrae,
Lady of our House,
Lady of Combermere,
Lady of the Yukon,
Lady of the Prairies,
Lady of the Universe,

Fearless Queen,
Sinless Queen,
Beautiful Queen,
Queen of little things,
Queen of Lay Apostles,

Mother of thoughtfulness,
Mother of cheerfulness,
Mother of gracefulness,

Lady of silence,
Lady of words,
Woman of God,

Mother of the downtrodden,
Mother of the weak,
Mother of the hopeless.

Mother of the confused,
Mother of the fearful,
Mother of those who try,
Mother of the little ones,

Beauty of God,
Splendor of God,
Kindness of God,
Smile of God,
Ora pro nobis.
Pray for us.

In His Name—

A Catholic Church and a Catholic mission that serves six hospitals are desperately in need of help. Write the Rev. George J. Hirschboeck, formerly of Milwaukee, at "Gosho no uchi 13; Kami-kyo-ku, Kyoto, Japan."

A missionary in India with eleven villages to take care of calls for your aid. He is Rev. Fr. J. M. Parampet, c/o Most Rev. Archbishop Mathias, San Thome, Mylapore, Madras 4, S. India.

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